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SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

No. 17.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

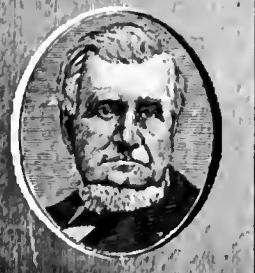
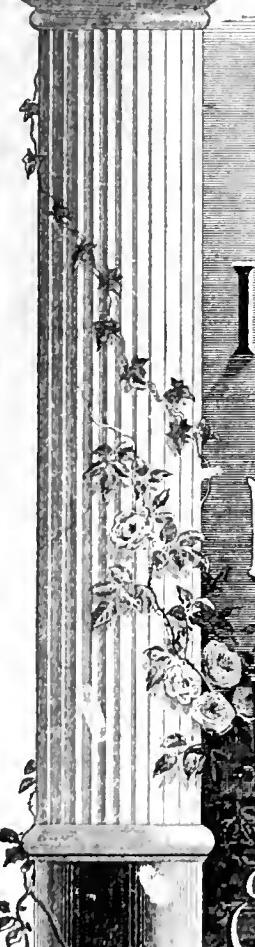
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN^o
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Month
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Development
of the Young

SALT LAKE CITY

GEORGE Q. CLEMONS,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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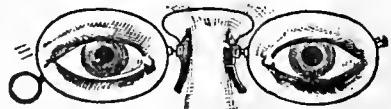
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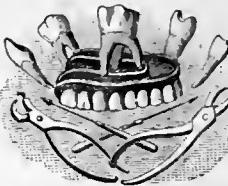
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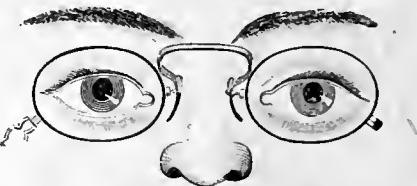
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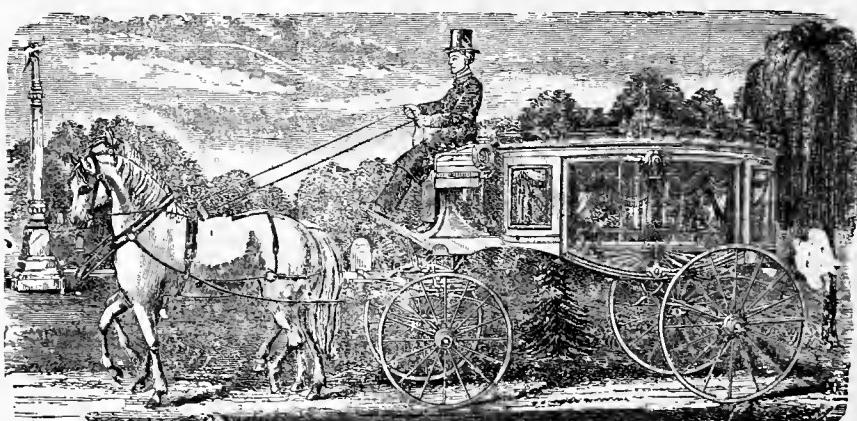
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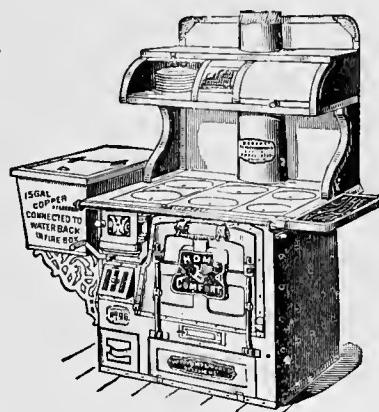
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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VOL. XXXII. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1897.

No. 17.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

What They Did and How They Did It.
XI.—MORE OF THE "PONY"—A THRILLING
INCIDENT, ETC.

PERHAPS no more complete exempli-

vious number of these articles was chiefly devoted—the Pony Express. At a glance one cannot grasp the real greatness of the scheme—the vast amount of capital required to start it up and keep it going, the executive ability needed to



THE PONY EXPRESS

fication of the uncontrollable and constantly advancing growth of empire in the New West was ever afforded than the enterprise to which the last pre-

make it work properly and harmoniously throughout, the great risks involved and the benefits which it afforded to the people in this then far-off land. Being

so beneficial here, what must it have been to the people nearly a thousand miles further away toward the sunset? For once, and a long time, the Pioneers and their associates enjoyed the unique distinction of knowing of the important events going on in the East some days ahead of the otherwise more favored denizens of the golden shores of the Pacific, and this too at a time when the general interest in national affairs was strained to its utmost tension. The Democratic party had split squarely in two, thus paving the way for the election for the first time of a Republican President and this in turn affording the desired pretext for the Southern States to withdraw from the Union. The war clouds were gathering thickly and darkly upon the nation's horizon and at such a time the clatter of the swiftly advancing pony's feet became a sound whose consequence could be measured only by the eagerness with which it was awaited—a people proud of their country yet filled with the direst apprehensions for its future looked and longed for the tidings which the noble animal might bring. At such times an hour seemed painfully long, and a day to contain many more hours than the allotted twenty-four; but think of two or three days intervening between the time at which the "outcasts of Utah" were apprised of the doings east of the Missouri and their receipt by the Californians, and at such an awfully trying time!

Ponies were decided on instead of horses or mules because of cheapness and combining in greater degree the necessary qualities of speed, endurance and convenience. Perhaps no more inspiriting spectacle, all things considered, was ever beheld than that of one of those intelligent, ambitious little

steeds mounted by a man with whom bravery, hardihood and skill were indispensable prerequisites making their wild, impulsive sweep across the open country, dashing through streams, flying past all other occupants of the road, leaving behind them great, swirling clouds of dust, and plunging at last into the home station amid as grand a hurrah as might have greeted the triumphal advent of an oriental monarch!

The character of information and correspondence which the pony brought was immaterial, the rate being the same—25 cents an ounce—and the animal's whole burden being limited, I believe, to 150 pounds or thereabout. It therefore was necessary for a rider to be comparatively light in weight, though not in any other respect. If he scaled 125 pounds, which was about the figure sought, his saddle and other equipments added perhaps ten pounds more, leaving fifteen pounds of expressage to be carried, the tariff on which amounted to \$60. As it required about six days to make a trip to Salt Lake, and nine or ten to complete the journey to Sacramento, it can readily be seen that there was not much of an opportunity for speculation; in fact, as previously foreshadowed, more money was put into the scheme than was ever taken out. The dispatches giving the latest news from the East were written on maniloid paper so that several sets of the sheets could be carried without the weight figuring up very much, and as these were subscribed and paid for by clubs in the larger cities, such as Salt Lake, Virginia and Sacramento, something more than the mere toll for carriage may thus have been obtained; it was certainly needed. At the head of the club in this city was President Young, though there were several contributors. As soon as the

pony arrived the messages would be distributed, that for the club going to the President's office generally, where the news would be read aloud to the subscribers. It then went to the *Deseret News* office to be rushed out as an "extra" (the *News* was only a weekly then), and for a long time was read on Sunday from the stand in the Tabernacle or Bowery, in order that no portion of the community might be deprived of the intelligence which at that time was becoming intensely interesting.

The first dispatches thus received brought the information that a bill had been introduced in Congress providing for the removal of the capital of the Territory to Carson and changing the name from Utah to Nevada. The reader should here remember that what is now Nevada was not then in existence as such, the whole of the country west of California up to our Eastern line being Utah. The bill sank into that condition of things well described by the bulky term invented by President Cleveland—"innocuous desuetude;" but in its place appeared another measure shortly after providing for detaching that portion of the Territory since known as Nevada and erecting it into a sovereign State. Even then there were not nearly so many people in the new State as were thus slighted and ignored in the old one, nor has there ever been at any time. In one way there may for a while have been more wealth, this of the fleeting and unsubstantial kind when not resting upon the solid masonry of an agricultural basis, as we have all had abundant opportunity to see. When the Washoe mines failed, as they did some years later—at least their productive capacity dwindled so greatly as to amount to practical failure—there was

but little left for the new commonwealth to support itself with, a condition of things which resulted in a great decrease of the previously slender population and brought about virtual bankruptcy; while Utah, that was snubbed, and pushed aside, and walked over—ah, well, it is unnecessary to paint the contrast any further than simply mention it. Salt Lake City alone now contains fifty per cent more people than and twice as much wealth as the whole State of Nevada; our State has seven times the population and eight or ten times as much wealth as has the one which was severed from our body politic in order that it might and we might not be.

In a recent conversation with Dr. Faust (to a personal sketch of whom the previous chapter was largely devoted) he scouted the idea which had obtained considerable credence from want of denial that many of the express riders were killed while in the service and that the pay for such service was something considerable. While it was the case that the riders were always running the gauntlet so to speak, and were often shot at, the doctor had never heard of but one being killed by the Indians. This was on the Platte in 1861. The saddle bags were not molested but taken to the nearest station and there turned over. It is mentioned as a curious fact, in which the element of superstition must figure to a considerable extent, that the red men never molest anything containing written or printed words, and of this an incident in the doctor's career on the plains is apropos.

He and the late Bolivar Roberts happened to be alone at a station on the Eastern plains, when all at once and without warning the savages appeared in great numbers on the scene in

hostile array. Hurriedly closing gates and doors and preparing for such resistance as was possible they made ready for the conflict which seemed inevitable, and to which there could scarcely be but one outcome. In this exciting situation the doctor turned to his companion and said:

"Bob, I wish you would write to say that we were surprised here on this date and died fighting."

"What good would that do?" inquired Roberts; "who would deliver the message? These d—ls would hardly do more with it than wad a gun."

"That's where you're mistaken," persisted the doctor. "They will take the message to the nearest station and hand it in."

"Then why not write it yourself?"

"Because, when I'm as badly scared as I am now I can't write!" was the ingenuous reply.

"I am in the same fix," said Roberts, "I am so badly shaken up that I couldn't write a line to save my life!"

So instead of its being the "letter that never came," it was the letter that was never written, and just as well so, for after a few terrifying demonstrations the Indians passed along, leaving our frontiersmen to remain with the breath in their bodies and the hair on their heads.

S. A. Kenner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME minds are like caves of stalactite and stalagmite, rich in treasures of beauty, the existence of which you may never suspect because you bring no light yourself to dispel the darkness that conceals them.

He who can have what is necessary, and does not want what is superfluous, is not poor.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE EFFECTS OF HYPNOTISM.

DURING the Jubilee week one of the morbid attractions was a young boy lying asleep in a shop window. He had been hypnotized and remained in the stupor incident to hypnosis, for seventy hours—practically three days and nights. Once in a while he would turn over, and occasionally a moan would break from his lips.

A recent dispatch from Chicago tells of police interference in the case of a young man hypnotized for a seven-day sleep. After three days the hypnotist was compelled under pain of arrest and imprisonment, to awaken the subject.

Another case which has hardly ceased to excite horror in the mind of the public, was that of Hannah Butler of Salt Lake City, who on being hypnotized about a month ago, went stark, raving mad, and is now confined in the asylum at Provo.

These cases bring the subject fairly before the minds of our readers. The question arises: What attitude ought Latter-day Saints to take toward this so called science?

If man has been blessed with one trait which more than another makes him resemble his Maker, it is that of individuality—the attribute which gives strength of purpose, self-reliance, and ability to do and to control; in short the power which makes each human a self, distinct from all other beings and from the universe. Now, who ever submits himself to the will of the hypnotist, loses this power—so far as that person at least is concerned; and there can be little doubt that his individuality is weakened in respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

The cases where men and women

have become slaves to the whim and caprice of the hypnotist are pitiable to relate. Where they have long submitted to his manipulations, a mere look or gesture from him has been sufficient to throw them into the hypnotic state. They then become the creatures of his will, unable to resist him. Indeed it does not require the presence of the operator. Cases of hypnotism have been known where the hypnotist has been a long distance away.

Nor is it alone during the sleep-state that the hypnotist can exercise his influence. He may charge the subject, while the latter is in the hypnotic state, to do a certain thing, or be at a certain place, at a given time thereafter, and the subject will find himself irresistibly drawn to do the bidding of his relentless master. A recent telegram relates the fact that a hotel was thus set on fire. An irresponsible hypnotist had foolishly charged a young lady, whom he had hypnotized, to get up at a certain time in the night and set fire to her room, and had forgotten or neglected to release her from the charge. When the time came, she did not have power to resist the suggestion, the result being that the hotel was burned to the ground and she barely escaped with her life.

In view of such facts it should not take any Latter-day Saint much time to decide that he will have nothing to do with hypnotism. A man may give up his labor, his wealth, even his body for the use and manipulation of his fellow-man—and yet remain the arbiter of his own fate. But he who surrenders his will to another, sells his free agency, barters away the distinguishing characteristic of a son of God. Hypnotism strikes deeper than any mere physical sin, it may be called a kind of prostitution of the soul.

THE RECENT STRIKE.

FOR nearly two months past a strike has existed in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and other states on the part of the miners of bituminous coal. It began on July 4th when the New York and Cleveland Gas Company reduced their wage rates, but though this was the immediate cause it was not the fundamental one, for dissatisfaction at the mining rates was general even before the cut was made. This has been shown by the rapid extension of the strike from the employes of one company to those of a great district. By no means all of the mines have been shut down, but the greater part of them have and almost daily the strike grows.

The present trouble differs in some respects from other great strikes of the past. It has been characterized by peaceful methods and a strong attempt on the part of the miners to win the victory by the use of mind not of brute strength. Too often a righteous cause has lost the sympathy of honorable men and failed because its adherents growing desperate have used force and shed blood in attempting to break down opposition.

The eastern coal miners have tried another plan. Instead of denominating fellow laborers that have taken their places as "scabs" and putting physical restraint on them, they have tried to persuade them that they stood in the way of victory for the cause of labor. They have done systematic missionary work at the homes of the miners at night and have seldom interfered with them while they worked. Their only demonstration has been marching and public meetings, and injunctions against this have been pretty well obeyed.

The operators of mines have refused

to raise rates and have attempted to substitute new men as the strikers withdrew. They have expressed confidence that they would be successful, yet have held conferences among themselves and with the leaders of the miners to consider means for ending the trouble. They have partly decided on a plan that will materially improve conditions, but to be effective ninety-five per cent. of the operators must agree to it and the miners must wait for the change until the beginning of next year.

The mine owners have secured injunctions from the courts and proclamations from executive officers forbidding the strikers to march, be on the property of the operators, hold public meetings or restrain working miners from going to and from the mines. In some places such an extreme is reached that more than three persons cannot stand on the street and speak together on any subject. The miners assert that their constitutional right of free speech has been removed without just cause and that there was corruption in obtaining the decree enjoining them not to march or go upon the mine property. The temporary injunction, however, which was first issued, has been made permanent.

It is a grave question how the strike will end. Sunmer has passed and two months more will bring cold weather. The strikers live for the most part out of doors in camps, and these must be abandoned as the warm weather passes away. On the other hand they are being supplied with food and money and are increasing in numbers. Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, stated recently that sixty or sixty-five per cent. of the mines of West Virginia were closed and there was a prospect of total collapse. He said that if the miners of Pennsylvania, Ohio,

Indiana, and Illinois remain firm the trouble will be terminated in the miners' favor by the end of September.

If the wages of the miners have been too low to support themselves and families, or if they were not receiving a fair part of the profits in an equitable division between capital, employer and laborer—and it would seem that they have not—then it must be the desire of every honest man that they win the strike. It is to be sincerely hoped that blood will not be shed on either side.

In certain cases the laborer seems almost justified in using his strength to protect his interests. His muscles are the weapons Nature has given him. The capitalist and the employer—too often his enemies—have trained their minds in cleverness and skill to his undoing; it would seem that he must use his own means to retaliate. He, however, has a mind and can learn to fight on higher ground. He must realize that when he uses force he is quickly confronted by the power of the state and of the nation and they fight the battle for his opponent. It is national health to have an assertive laboring class, but the assertion should be reputable and in harmony with law. Every friend of labor hopes that the coal miners' strike may open a new era for labor, and go to a successful termination without resource to anything brutal. At the same time it is fruitful as a text to illustrate the growth of selfishness, and the dangers to government that emanate from selfishness. Men do not love their neighbors and their fellowmen as they should, and can hardly be expected to until they get more true Christianity than most of their pulpits furnish them.

The Editor.

**HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT
IN AMERICA.****CHAP. V.—REVELATION PROGRESSIVE.**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 476.]

IT was a beautiful thought in ancient mythology, that the souls of the departed, after leaving their earthly bodies, passed through the waters of the river Lethe or forgetfulness, so that they no longer remembered the scenes of the past. The memory of the death agony, if agony it was, and the memory of their past lives—the trials and pains they had suffered here upon the earth were all obliterated; and they were thus prepared to enter into the joys of paradise.

In like manner it would seem that when man left his primeval home and became a dweller upon the earth all knowledge of his first state or condition was taken from him. Further, when through transgression he fell from that state of innocence in which he had been created, his mind was so weakened, that he was only able to grasp some of the simplest principles.

Hence we find that the unfolding of the Divine will to man's limited understanding i. e. God's revelations to man, have been as progressive as the lessons of a schoolboy. In the first chapters of the book of Genesis, God is represented as the Almighty One, the Creator of heaven and earth. A little further on, the attribute of justice is mentioned, and still further on the characteristics of love, mercy and goodness are brought to our notice. In the Decalogue or ten commandments, and the revelations that were given about that time, a tolerably plain description of God is given. But it was not until the time of Solomon and the dedication of the great temple that God is revealed to us as our Heavenly Father.

Further on in the sublime writings of Isaiah, that great Hebrew poet, and those who followed him, we receive higher and clearer revelations of the Divine nature. But after all the repeated lessons given during that golden age of Hebrew literature, the highest conceptions of God fell far short of the teachings of New Testament times. Well might the learned Paul exclaim, "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." As a consequence we find that sometimes a single sentence in the New Testament teaches more important truths than some entire books in the Old Testament. As the mind of man developed and he became prepared to receive higher truths, so were these in turn given unto him. It is therefore only logical to expect that God would give more profound revelations in modern times, than at any previous time in the history of the race.

It is also worthy of our notice that the periods, or epochs, when God reveals His will to man, are always contemporaneous with the eras of the greatest human progress. This is true in both ancient and modern times. We read that Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he died, died in the very year of the flood. He lived for nearly a thousand years, but it was in an age when there was little or no revelation from God. The world was sinking down into wickedness and debauchery, too degraded to even listen to the single inspired voice of Noah who alone broke the silence in defence of righteousness and truth during the last century of that terrible thousand years. But during all that time the race seems to have made no progress whatever. When Methuselah was born, men were perhaps using an uncouth wooden stick for a plow; and when he died they

were doubtless using a similar instrument with no thought or desire for anything better.

What a glorious change took place during the next two hundred years, that spans the time from Noah to Abraham. While God was revealing His will to those patriarchs, the sons of men were progressing in the arts and sciences. The art of music was cultivated, men fashioned tools of brass and iron, great empires were founded, cities built, the art of transmitting thought by written characters was discovered, and astronomy made such progress, that some of the constellations of the heavens still bear the names that were then given unto them.

If we were to liken the years to mile-posts on the road of time, we should find that those mile-posts or years when God revealed His will, are illumined with unfading glory—a splendor of human achievement that none others possess. And how can it be otherwise? Invention and discovery are but the unfolding of the laws, attributes and objects of nature to man's limited understanding—the action of the divine will on the minds of men. When God reveals natures laws, man progresses scientifically; until God reveals religious truth man gropes in spiritual darkness.

Another example of this oft-forgotten truth is seen in the world's history, in the first century of the Christian era. For nearly five hundred years previous to the Savior's birth, there had been little or no direct revelation, and the Jewish people, though, at times, temporarily revived by powerful leaders, were sinking into decay. But in the first century of the Christian era, when God vouchsafed a flood of light and knowledge we find a reaction. Peace

for a time reigned throughout the world and even the fierce Romans ceased their battle cry. When again the voice of revelation was hushed, then came the midnight of human history.

The same conditions have been repeated in this dispensation. The student of history, in looking down the vista of the past, will perceive that the mile posts of time that cluster about the years 1820-1830 and onward, when God was establishing His work upon the earth, are ablaze with the glory of human progress. The mind is dazed when we contemplate the changes that have been wrought since the beginning of this century. Not a steamship or locomotive was then in existence, no telegraph or telephone communicated intelligence across continents and oceans. Of the ten thousand kinds of labor-saving machines, very few were then known.

The change in religious sentiment is scarcely less great. Almost every religious society has swayed from its moorings of stereotyped thought. Versalius and Magellan are no longer condemned by the church of Rome. Humboldt is no longer ostracised by the conservative Lutherans of Germany, nor Priestly persecuted by the Church of England, nor John Y. Simpson anathematised by the presbyterian bigots of Scotland. A new light has dawned. The Spirit of God has not only given revelation to His servants, but likewise strengthened the understanding of men to comprehend great and important truths.

J. H. Ward.

{TO BE CONTINUED.}

THERE is little influence where there is not great sympathy.

* * THE * *

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPT. 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CLEANLINESS WITH THE SACRAMENT.

"I COULD throw them on as well with a pitchfork." Such was the remark of a prominent Elder as he noticed the disorderly and slovenly manner in which the bread and the water and the sacrament service were placed on the table preparatory to the administration of the sacrament at a recent Sunday School conference.

Some short time ago we had occasion to refer to the inattention and lack of reverence shown by some of the children belonging to our Sunday Schools when they partake of the sacrament. We even thought it desirable to suggest that this ordinance might, with propriety, be suspended for a time in schools where the children did not observe the necessary decorum. But there is another side to this question which needs our consideration. We can scarcely expect the children to manifest the desired reverence and devotion when these feelings are not shown by the conduct and demeanor of those who take part, as members of the priesthood, in the performance of the ordinance.

"What is worth doing is worth doing well," is doubly true of sacred things. But we regret to say that we have witnessed occasions in the administration of the sacrament when we were justified in imagining that the brethren who took part thought to the contrary. We have noticed that the cups and plates were

not as bright and clean as they ought to be; or the table was not well dusted, or there were no cloths or napkins spread out upon which the sacrament service and the bread and water could be arranged, or if there were they did not show that snowy whiteness that is consistent with articles used for holy purposes. On other occasions the water has not been selected with care, and the bread, unwrapped, perhaps, from a sheet of old newspaper, appeared slovenly and uninviting. Then occasionally no taste or order was shown in the arrangement of the articles on the table. In fact there was no arrangement whatever, they could, indeed, have been "thrown on as well with a pitchfork."

Then again, far too often the prayers over the bread and water are mumbled in so low a tone that the children cannot possibly hear them, or they are stumbled over in such a blundering way that no one could gain inspiration from listening thereto. When conditions such as these exist it is not surprising if the children do not show that respect and reverence in partaking of the sacrament that the occasion requires; and it is unfair to blame them for faults that are, at any rate, partly ours. If the Great Judge of all the earth were to appear and condemn the inconsiderate way in which we commemorate the infinite sacrifice which He made for us and our salvation in taking upon Himself the burden of our sins, we do not think all the condemnation would fall upon the heads of the little ones who, misled by the indifference of the adults, gave so little thought and attention to the ordinance of which they partake.

We have also, once in a while, had occasion to draw attention to the departures from the method prescribed by the Lord, in the manner of administering

the sacrament. For instance, we have heard of the bread being broken before the meeting began, and, at other times, of the blessing being asked first on the bread and then on the water before the bread was administered, and then of both emblems being handed to those who were to partake of them, if not simultaneously, in rapid succession. These departures are not justifiable; they are not pleasing to the Lord. It is a safe rule for us to follow in all things that which the Lord has revealed for our guidance; and where He has condescended to reveal any set form of prayer or order of procedure those words should be used and that order should be followed with due strictness. We cannot improve on the ways of the Lord. The world has been trying to do so ever since Adam fell, and signal failure has characterized all their attempts. We, the Latter-day Saints, should not fall into the same quagmire. The ways of the Lord are perfect and all His laws are righteousness. On the other hand the Lord will not make a man an offender for a word. If we through a slip of the tongue, or a sudden lapse of memory, fail to follow word for word, the form given, that will not invalidate the ordinance, or make the prayer of non-effect. In all these things the Spirit has to be considered, and the question that should be answered in our hearts is, Are we doing this (whatever it may be) with an eye single to the glory of God? If we are administering the sacrament, we may ask ourselves, Are our hearts aright before God and are we officiating in this holy rite fully realizing and conscious of the importance of that supreme sacrifice which we commemorate, and with the desire to keep in active remembrance the infinite benefits it has brought to us and to all mankind? When we have

this spirit we shall not be negligent in minor matters connected with the observance of the ordinance. Then anything savoring of uncleanness or disorder will be repugnant to our feelings, and we shall approach the table of the Lord with reverence, respect and love.

There are times and places where the Lord permits, on account of the condition and surroundings of His people a slight deviation from established customs. For instance, on some of the small islands of the South Pacific Ocean there is no bread and all the water is salt, and the fruit of the cocoanut tree is the chief food of man. If the members of the Church waited to solemnize the ordinance as their brethren do in more favored lands the native Saints would seldom, if ever, partake of the sacrament. But in these strange conditions the Lord accepts instead of bread and wine, or bread and water, the meat of the cocoanut as the emblem of the body, and its milk as the emblem of the blood of our crucified Lord. This is the best the people there can do, therefore it is accepted of God; but, if we, with our advantages, inspired by some whim or fanciful notion were to make such changes we should expose ourselves to the displeasure of the Lord, because we could present no justification for such a change.

Any wilful departure from that which the Lord has commanded is dangerous in the extreme. It is by such departures the church of Christ has in past times left the true path; little by little they went astray. The Lord accepts water at the sacrament instead of wine; when there is no bread He accepts that which is used in its stead; but the ordinances of God's house cannot be deviated from. No excuse that water was scarce or that

it was too cold would ever warrant us in changing baptism by immersion into sprinkling or pouring. This rite must be performed in all its details as God has directed, or it amounts to nothing. Both the officer who performs the ordinance and the person to be baptized must go down into the water, the ordinance must be performed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the person baptized must be entirely covered with the water. But, as in the case cited above where other substances than bread and water are used as emblems in the administration of the Lord's supper, it is not of vital importance whether the baptism take place in the ocean, in a running stream, a lake, or a baptismal font; the point being that the most suitable and desirable place for the proper performance of a holy ordinance be chosen. The safe rule for all is to follow strictly the law of heaven, and to consider the word of the Lord as the end of all controversy.

WHO WERE THE PIONEERS?

They were but few,
And yet the vanguard of a mighty host,
Who built far-famed Nauvoo, the Temple site
Had cleared, and raised its glorious pile when
Turmoil raged around; had founded homes,
Had made a sterile land with verdure smile
Beneath the sun. The envious idler gazed
With jealous eyes on triumph won by toil!

The politician marked the gathering souls,
Concluding that his reign was surely o'er!
While those who wore religion's sacred garb,
But lacked the spirit of the Master—Christ—
Were mad with hate against the growing power.

Then all combined in secret subtle way
To blast the hated thing, the leaders crush,
And slay their Prophet as a common dog!

It all was done, how done let History tell,
Let Carthage e'er impugn the recreant State,
Nay, bid the well loved city tell once more,
How mob law reigned and at the bayonet's point,
Homes, lands and well tilled farms, in savage glee,

Were wrusted by the heartless, howling mob
From labor's willing, rugged hands. At length
No peace, no safety, Justice in the land,
No voice of pity, protest, near or far,
No succor, nor protection from the law,
As fleeing thousands crossed the friendly ice
To camp beyond the Mississippi's stream!

My willing muse would drop the curtain here,
Except that God and destiny had meant
That good should come from hell's device, for
naught
Can foil decree, or penalty avert
When blood, and robbery, and sin hold sway!

Not shorn of power, though smitten, stricken,
And cast out; The Man was there, divinely
Meant for Israel's need, through him, salvation
Was achieved; from chaos order came,
The scattered rallied to the Master's call,
Made Pisgah, Garden Grove and Winter Quarters
Points of vantage as the weary months went by.

Then when the leader's mind, inspired, gave word,
The Pioneers began their hopeful march
To unknown lands, where peace and liberty
Would reign, and worship, all untrammeled,
Be the boon of man, as Heaven hath willed.

They were but few,
Intrepid, brave, immortal none the less,
For fifty years have sped and gone since then,
'Till Utah, now a proud and mighty State,
Invites the nations to recount the valor,
Sacrifice and toil of those devoted ones
Who blazed the untracked way, and bridged the
streams,
Daring the Indians' wrath and wild beasts' lair,
All unfamiliar to the white man's foot!

A weary route, o'er plain and mountains crest,
Through canyons, defiles, streams, o'er rugged ways,
Buoyed up by faith and works beyond compare,
'Till days made weeks, then months tried every
soul.

Yet none laid down upon that strange long tramp:
The sick, the frail, the weak had gone before,
Or lagged, recuperating for the trip;
Meanwhile was neared the haven of their hopes,
In eager mood they cleft the last ravine,
To tear-dimmed eyes, this valley wide spread out,
And far, oh far there gleamed the sullen lake,
Whose saline waters gave this now famed city
Its first proud, yet long disparaged name.

But who can tell what fifty years have done?
Who knows the toil and sacrifice that means?
How many toilers sleep beneath the sod,
Worn out in makin' Utah what she is?

From north to south, from east to western line,
Just count her cities, tell her towns and homes,
Point out her schools and churches as they are,
Her temples—*institutions born of soul!*

Then mark her missionary work for years.
Her converts brought from every land and clime!
Her work in art, her world wide fame and skill,
When music is the theme and song its test!

On o'er her farms, her industries, her wealth
In flocks and herds; her fruits and teeming soil;
Her wealth of precious ores, and elements
Of power and increase 'yond the wildest dreams;
Her business, based on honor, honesty,
In confidence 'twixt trusting man and man!

Are these not fruits and proofs which none deny,
That those revered today were men indeed?
No iridescent dream was theirs, 'twas peace,
'Twas brotherhood, 'twas works and mighty faith.
Fathers they were and patriots, kings of men,
Their memories we revere, we owe them much,
They gave example, walked as we should walk,
In fearing God and loving truth they held
Their lives a protest 'gainst injustice, lies,
'Gainst chartered wrongs, and prejudice which
lifts
Its hoary head when "new truth" leads the way!

This is my tribute to the Pioneers,
We hail this day, the flight of fifty years;
When fifty more shall bring the century round,
They will with grander honors then be crowned

H. W. Naisbitt.

A HALLOW E'EN ROMANCE.

AUNT BELINDA BECKWITH paused a moment at the door of her cottage and taking a hasty survey of the street, threw her apron over her head and darted across to her sister's.

"Say, Mary, has Clem Russel returned? I see the electric lights blazing from his mother's windows from garret to cellar."

"No, that isn't the cause," replied Mrs. Caylor. "Tonight is Hallow E'en, and the girls are preparing a suitable reception for the thirty-five or forty young people invited. They hoped Clem would have been in time to participate, but the letter they had a day or

two ago stated that he would probably be detained a few days on business connected with the company of Saints he is bringing from England, so they do not now expect him till about Tuesday. You were looking for a letter from your young missionary, Belinda. Have you heard from him today?"

"Yes; good news from my boy, Mary. He has received his honorable release and plans to join Clem on the journey westward. That is why I was so anxious to know if Clem had come. Won't it be jolly to have my one lone chick at home again?"

At this juncture three or four merry girls burst into the room.

"Oh, Aunt Bee, I'm so glad to find you here. Sister Russel wishes to know if you will come to her house this evening, and tell our fortunes."

"A pretty request truly," said Aunt Belinda laughing.

"You will, won't you?" coaxingly persisted her handsome niece.

"You must disguise yourself so none of the young folks will recognize you, and won't you have some jolly fun quizzing them when they come to you to have their fortunes told? Sister Russel says you will make such an excellent witch," and they all laughed at the doubtful compliment, but none more heartily than Aunt Belinda herself.

"Oh, there is nothing to hinder me from coming, I guess. No husband to scold and no children to cry, and it will doubtless make the time pass more quickly,

'Till Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!
Till Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!
Till Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!"'

And she threw either arm around one of her nieces and gaily marched up and

down the room keeping step to the familiar old ditty.

The girls joined in heartily while Sister Caylor and Amy Russel smiled appreciatively and baby Joe clapped and crowed.

"Oh, you can sing and dance yet, can't you, you naughty old Auntie," panted Edna.

"Yes, and work all round any of you girls, too," and Sister Caylor nodded to each of the girls in turn.

"And has more handsome elderly gentlemen as strings to her bow than we girls have altogether," said Eva.

"Well, you don't want handsome *elderly* gentlemen do you?" questioned her aunt.

"Oh, no, you may leave the 'elderly' out."

"Well, perhaps she does," assented her mother, "and knows how to discern between the wheat and the chaff too, which you girls don't."

"We'll willingly take lessons, Auntie. Come now, invite us over the next time Captain Cross or Banker Elbridge calls. I'm dying to find out if the banker's 'tin' constitutes the wheat, or if the captain's attentions are all chaff, and I want to make the acquaintance of my future uncle."

"Considerably in the future I assure you," retorted her aunt. "I shall be quite satisfied for the present to have my boy at home once more."

"But how long do you expect to keep him?"

"That depends somewhat upon the reception he gets from Amy, I suppose," and Aunt Belinda turned her kindly scrutinizing eyes upon her blushing neighbor.

"Oh, girls, we musn't loiter here," interrupted Edna, to Amy's evident relief. "There's lots to be done yet

before the girls and boys arrive. Auntie Bee, please come as soon as possible and bring all your spare sheets. I'm afraid we have'n't enough."

"Sheets!" exclaimed Aunt Belinda, in mock amazement, "what are these girls up to, I wonder?"

"Oh, you'll see," laughingly returned Edna. "We don't intend to shroud the witch in one until we are through with her, at any rate, and that will be a hundred years to come if we have our way."

"At what time is your company to arrive," questioned Aunt Belinda of Amy.

"At half past eight, sharp," replied Amy and they all scampered off again.

Fifteen minutes later Aunt Belinda was joyfully welcomed by Sister Russel and initiated into the mysteries of the witches' cave.

A stout oval framework about eight feet high had been nailed together by Brother Russel and placed in front of the corner fireplace in the second story sitting room, the sides and top being carefully concealed by folds of gray and brown cloth, which the girls had chalked over with colored crayons to represent rocks. In the center at the back and as close to the fireplace as possible, on an iron tripod and the bail suspended by a chain, stood a large iron pot with an immense spoon in it and nearly full of some liquid which was already beginning to simmer and sputter merrily on the edge nearest the fire.

The floor of the cave was thickly strewn with autumn leaves and two or three coyote skins scattered about.

The upper hall clothes press, also had been denuded of its contents and fashioned into a hermit's cell, with curtains of gray cloth hung around the sides and the small card-stand from the vestibule in the center with a lighted lantern on it.

The door had been unhinged and laid lengthwise across the opening and the iron gate borrowed for the occasion was placed in position above it.

Aunt Belinda and Sister Russel paused a moment at the grating to take a peep at Brother Russel, who, as he expressed it, was being victimized for the pleasure of the young people.

He sat on a stool, rigged out in a monk's cowl and robe, with a big book on his knee, vainly endeavoring to read by the light of the lantern.

He looked up somewhat disconsolately at them and Sister Russel endeavored to encourage him with—

"Never mind, Edward; it wont last long and you look just like a picture."

"Doesn't he though," seconded Aunt Belinda enthusiastically.

"I would'nt mind very much if I could see to read," to Aunt Belinda, "but you see this ambitious little wife of mine has turned off the electric lights and introduced twenty jack-o-lanterns as a more modern improvement in lighting."

"Only from half past eight till twelve for one night in the year, Edward. I don't think I should care for them myself as a permanent institution. There goes the door bell! I must go down and direct them to the rear door so as to have them come up the back stairs to prevent them from getting a glimpse of the parlors yet. Please help me assign them their quarters, Sister Beckwith. Sister Ensign and Sister Caylor are already there to assist them with their sheets and masks. Then you must run down and get a glimpse of the Queen before you get into your own disguise. One jack-o-lantern with the fire light will be sufficient for your room, will it not?" And at Aunt Belinda's affirmative nod she hurried away.

Patter, patter up the back stairs, came

a troop of girls, presently followed by a party of young men.

Each division was bundled into its respective apartments and for the next quarter of an hour merry laughter echoed through the house. There was a temporary lull and then the door to the boys' room opened, (of course the boys were ready first,) and a string of sixteen ghostly figures issued therefrom and ranged themselves along the hall to await the appearance of the girls.

"What's the matter with you girls?" finally called out a masculine voice from beneath one of the white cambric masks. "Can't you get those sheets draped artistically enough around those classic forms?"

"Hush, Noel, you know we always have to wait a little for Eva, and you might as well be getting a little used to it now so it will come easier for you after awhile," replied Edna.

"That is'nt altogether what's the matter now though," joined in Amy. "The fact is, that we have only just now learned that two of the boys have been obliged to excuse themselves at the last moment, and we are quarreling among ourselves who are to be the ones to have the coveted position of the two mateless nuns bringing up the rear of our procession."

"Are you sure the case is not just the opposite to the one you have stated, Miss Amy? We ought to be in demand if we are in the minority."

"Quite sure, Mr. Impudence. You know it is the usual condition of affairs these days, for the nice young ladies to far outnumber the nice young men, and as the time is past for seven of us to cling to one, we are schooling ourselves to be independent of them."

"It's lucky for us, Miss Amy, that you won't dare say anything when you

get out here, for fear of betraying yourself, or I am afraid we would find ourselves speedily vanquished in the use of small arms."

"Thank you, Sir Knight, you pay a very pretty compliment to my shrewish tongue; but we don't intend to allow you to recognize our voices, if we can help it," concluding her speech in a shrill falsetto which provoked a peal of laughter from both sides.

Then the door slowly swung open and another procession of white figures came out, two by two and arm in arm.

While waiting for Sister Russel to make her appearance and inaugurate the next move, they grouped themselves on sofas and chairs about the hall, trying to discover each other's identity.

While all this was going on above, a very different scene was being enacted in the kitchen.

The long table in the dining room had all been arranged by Sister Russel, with the help of two able assistants, the chief decoration being a large oval mirror placed in the center, the frame being entirely concealed by autumn leaves and chrysanthemums and sportive green frogs and beetles, (paper, of course, bought at a Japanese store; although by the dim light of the one jack-o-lantern on the side board they appeared to be very much alive,) leaping about in every direction.

The two maids had gone into the attic to arrange for the part they were going to take in the "Garden of Hesperides," and Sister Russel was bending over the kitchen range heating milk, etc., preparing to make the chocolate for lunch, when the door opened and in walked her darling young missionary, and close at his heels, Johnny Beckwith.

With a half suppressed cry of surprise and delight, she flew into his arms,

turning the beloved face to the light to note with a mother's yearning tenderness the changes the two years of absence had wrought, and from the shelter of his arms extending her hand to welcome the son of her old friend and neighbor, which she followed up with a hearty kiss as soon as she could bring herself to break from the embrace of her boy.

"How lucky no one else has seen you," she exclaimed after all explanations were hurriedly gone through. "Of course Johnny did not find his mother at home because she is here, and won't we spring a surprise upon some of them?"

After a rapid whispered consultation she hustled them out of their overcoats and into the entry leading to the basement, giving each of them a plate of sandwiches and a cup of chocolate to appease their hunger until lunch time, and carefully closed the door upon them, lest some one should discover their presence before she was ready. Then flying up the stairs, trying in the mean time to compose her face so that the gladness shining out of it might not betray her happy secret, she approached the group of young people and said:

"I am afraid the monk will be going on a pilgrimage before we get to him, if we do not make haste to visit his cell and beg him to preserve us against the dangers we will have to encounter in the Garden of Hesperides. Gentlemen, select any lady you choose for the present, some of you two if necessary. You will find out who are to be your true partners when you have paid your respects to Queen Titania, in the parlors below, and visited the wishing well. I will just add that the other boys have not been obliged to leave town after all, and they will soon join you which will enable you to pair off

evenly, to the better satisfaction of all," and she hurried into the boys' room for sheets and masks and disappeared down stairs again.

"How's that, Miss Amy, no mateless nuns allowed? Disappointed, eh?"

There was silence a moment and then a voice responded: "We sacrifice our feelings to please the gentlemen, Sir Knight of the Tufted Lock, but *you* would please *me* better if you would subdue that fiery auburn lock of thine which persists in sticking straight up behind thy mask to give thee dead away."

He clapped his hand quickly upon the offending lock while a suppressed titter ran through the group.

"Now that wasn't Amy, Miss Edna, you can't fool me with that voice."

"Don't be too certain lest thou be deceived," remarked a wheezy voice proceeding from a very tall girl who had evidently employed some artificial means to add to her height. "Let us proceed."

"By all means, Miss Broomstick, but not any further in the direction of the ceiling."

Clem and Johnny hastily swallowed their lunch and producing their valises selected some slippers to replace their traveling boots, and were soon enveloped in the sheets.

"Is Edna here?" Clem managed to whisper to his mother."

"Yes; she is here. What's wrong with you two, Clem?"

"I think somebody has been trying to make mischief between us, or else she has found some one else she likes better. She returned my ring with a curt little note and I haven't been able to get a word from her since. I'll wager a dollar she wouldn't stay in the house long if she knew I was here. Had I not been taken so completely out of myself with the spirit of my mission

these last months would have passed very heavily with me, mother."

"There is certainly something that has hurt her feelings, for she is not the sort of girl to take offense unless she thinks she has a cause. You must improve your opportunity to obtain an explanation tonight. I will contrive that you shall have her for your partner and I believe it will come out all right."

"And how about John and Amy," turning to John with a smile. "He would doubtless like to have you do a little contriving for his benefit."

"Oh, John and Amy are all right. We will let John use his wits to find her out."

"Oh, I'll find her," said John with all the assurance of an accepted lover, "and I'll fool my old mother, too."

"You'll have to be pretty sharp to do that, John, though she isn't looking for you for several days yet."

With some excitement they now joined the young people at the grating of the monk's cell, where Brother Russel dealt out the invisible cap to one, and the winged slippers to another, with numberless amulets in the shape of rings and beads and bracelets, interspersing his gifts with sage advice delivered with a nasal twang supposed to represent the chanting of a monk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN nature is pliable, and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

LIFE is largely made up of having the things we would not, and not having the things we would.

HISTORICAL ENGLAND.**The Palace of Westminster.**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 507.)

BUT Charles was by no means the only hero (for a man may be a hero despite his ruinous policy and distorted ideas) who has stood trial for his life in Westminster Hall. Thirteen years ago a man stood trial for his life for a few brief seconds. It was a different kind of trial to that of King Charles, for it was that of self preservation vs. duty, and duty triumphed. The Irish dynamiters had been very active in London. Explosions had occurred with disastrous results at various railway depots and also at the Tower that had caused damage and anxiety. The police were on the alert and there was a pronounced feeling of anxiety and helplessness, for dynamite is such a vindictive and treacherous weapon that one does not know when or where it will strike. Sergeant Cox was walking his round as he had done times without number before. On descending the stairway that leads to the crypt and chapel beneath the hall, a black object some six inches square lying upon the mat caught his eye; from the smoke that was issuing from it a novice could have guessed the nature of the iron shell. It was but the work of a moment for the plucky sergeant to pick up that infernal machine and with a warning cry bound up the steps and across the hall. People fled before him as from one plague stricken. The brave fellow, however, was not destined to reach the open air with his horrible burden. With a crash and a roar the bomb exploded.

Willing hands were soon upon the scene, tenderly they picked up a mangled object clad in the tattered remnant of a blue uniform, while led by a

faint moan that proceeded from a hole that had been caused by the force of the explosion through the stone floor they discovered Sergeant Cox in a pitiable condition lying beneath the debris. Strange to say although both policemen had a great many bones broken, under skillful treatment they both recovered to spend their last days in comparative affluence on full pay pension. Needless to add that Sergeant Cox received the distinguished and coveted honor of the Albert medal for bravery. Besides blowing a hole through the floor, there was a corresponding larger one through the handsome roof, and naturally all the lovely stained glass windows were destroyed, while the accumulated dust of ages from the roof descended and settled upon the statues and floor to the depth of one and one third inches.

Passing once more up a flight of stone steps one enters St. Stephen's Hall with its tiled floor, stained glass windows and flanked on both sides by half a dozen statues of England's ex-prime ministers. From there one enters the Central Hall which is a vast apartment vaulted over with stone. The panels formed by the intersections of the enormous ribs of roof are filled in with Venetian glass mosaic, in various patriotic designs, that is most effective in the day time, when the sunbeams come streaming through. To one's right lies the House of Lords, while on his left is to be found the corridor and lobby leading to the House of Commons. Both Houses are similar in construction and what strikes the explorer on a first introduction is a feeling of disappointment regarding the size and grandeur of the abode of England's law makers. After successfully running the gauntlet of the twenty-fifth policeman one is ush-

ered into the gallery of the House of Commons, gazes with bated breath upon some of Britain's foremost statesmen. In that clean shaved individual, despite the fact that he has his hat on, one recognizes Joe Chamberlain; that head, likewise adorned with a hat, those whiskers, those eyeglasses, that attitude, yes, anyone could recognize Balfour from the cartoons. Goschen, Labouchure, there they sit; but one looks around in vain for the grand old man. W. E. Gladstone is no longer there.

Half way between the rows of leather upholstered benches will be seen the Speaker's chair which bears the arms of England. This is at the northern end opposite the Bar (not refreshment bar) in front is the table upon which the mace—the same that was so rudely handled by Oliver Cromwell, rests during the sitting of the House. The seats of the party in power, are upon the front bench to the right of the Speaker, the leaders of the Opposition occupying the front bench opposite, and it is the duty of the Opposition as the name suggests to ask knotty and uncomfortable questions of the gentlemen opposite who in turn endeavor to give them crushing replies, while the Speaker between sees fair play, and if he cannot maintain order, why there is always the sergeant at arms handy in his black satin court suit, knee breeches, silk stockings, pumps and gold mounted sword to enforce the mandate of the Speaker. The sergeant's office is somewhat of a sinecure, however he caught a tartar some years ago when Bradlaugh the atheist—who had been legally elected a member of Parliament by his constituents—walked up to the table before the Speaker, took up the Bible and requested to be sworn in. As the member from Nottingham did not be-

lieve in the Bible his request was refused. Upon his declining to withdraw the sergeant at arm's services were enlisted, but as the latter was well on in years and Bradlaugh a hale and hearty ex-trooper in the Dragoons, he thought better of it, finally reinforced by five policeman the freethinker was forcibly assisted out of the House in a very shattered condition, but defiant to the last. What strikes one very forcibly, in the gallery is the entire absence of ladies among the spectators and one asks, "Are there no fair politicians in Merrie England?" Certainly, only women's suffrage does not find favor, so in compliance with old parliamentary custom the ladies are excluded. However, they are furnished with seats in the gallery behind the Speaker's chair, where hidden by a stone and brass screen and further protected by glass they can peep through at their lords and masters speechifying or alas, slumbering, but can hear nothing. One of course expects to hear fervent outbursts of oratory and be carried away by ardent speeches from the lips of men whose names are known the world over.

Oh sad mistake! Certainly once in a while an Irish member will infuse an amount of energy into his speech. Admitted that every speaker uses elegant diction and unimpeachable grammar at the same time the whole effect would be marred to an American from the fact that an inseparable drawl, together with an incessant punctuation of "hem!" and "er!" that is introduced. It is further evidently considered "bad form" to get in a hurry or show any undue excitement during a speech. Everything is said and done in a most cold blooded and deliberate manner, while the various members stroll or sit around with their hats on, converse in little

knots, or doze placidly on the benches. The House of Lords which answers to our senate, is very similar in construction to the House of Commons, with the exception perhaps that the upholsterty and detail work is of more expensive character. The Lords (every peer of the realm is entitled to a seat which descends from father to son) despite the fact that they are reinforced by the Bishops of the State Church, the Episcopal Church of England, however do not show up so strong in brains or numerically as the Commons, and only manage to make a good showing at the opening of Parliament or when some upstart bill of the Commons needs killing.

Naturally there are numerous halls, courts, rooms, libraries, etc., connected with the Palace that are not open to the general public and probably if they were a description of the same would make tedious reading.

The Houses of Parliament have to be seen to be appreciated.

Geo. E. Carpenter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.

The man whose yea is yea and his nay nay, is, we all confess, the most courageous, whether or no; he may be the most successful in daily life, and He who gave the precept has left us the most perfect example of how to live up to it.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

The Pastor Interviews Atelie.

XIII.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 498.)

"WE are to have Pastor Vaag to coffee this afternoon, Atelie," said Fru Steen. "He is a fine man, and I am sure he can bring you much comfort."

Since Atelie's talk with Halvor, Fru Steen had partly discovered the state of affairs concerning her guest. She knew not that the girl was a member of the Mormon Church, but to associate with Mormons and read Mormon literature was enough to alarm the strict orthodox Lutheran that Fru Steen was. She one day, had found some Mormon tracts belonging to Atelie, and she had taken them to her and advised her to burn them. They were dangerous, she said, they were contaminating to a young person. The good woman was greatly concerned, and talked kindly enough to the girl.

"Have you read any of those tracts?" Atelie had asked.

"Heavens no! I wouldn't read one for the world," had been the reply.

"Then how do you know that they are so terribly bad?" Atelie had smiled as she asked it, and did not mean to offend; but the lady had showed rising anger nevertheless.

They had had some further talk that day, but Fru Steen had received very little satisfaction from it.

"So Pastor Vaag is coming to show me my error," Atelie said to herself that day. "Well, let him come. I'm not afraid of him."

At three o'clock the pastor came. He was a pleasant man, and young. Fru Steen presented him to Atelie and they had coffee together. Atelie chatted pleasantly with him. He claimed to

have known her father, and had often been up past Heimstad, he said.

Their conversation touched on many topics before it got around to religion. Then the pastor told them about a meeting he had lately attended, wherein a preacher, a certain friend of his, had delivered a lecture on Utah and the Mormons. He had personally visited Utah he said, and had found a terrible state of things there. "Yet," continued Pastor Vaag, "these same people are abroad in our land and I fear are deceiving many. It is too bad."

Atelie let him talk on for a time. She did not wish to quarrel with him; though she knew that he had come for the purpose of discussing this same topic; but when he began to attack the character of those who had the hardihood to embrace the truth, she could keep quiet no longer.

"Pastor Vaag," she said, "it seems strange to me that intelligent persons should believe all the stories told about this people. I am acquainted with some Mormons and I have never found them anything but good people."

"You do not know their character, Froken Heldman. Only one who has been to Utah can know that."

"O well I am acquainted with some who have been to Utah and they tell me altogether different stories."

"Certainly; it is to their advantage to falsify."

"So it is to your friend Pastor Mortensen. I understand he takes in a good sum of money at every lecture, and his book on the Mormons is making him rich."

"Atelie, child, why do you talk like that? Have you no respect for the pastor and his friends?"

"Pardon me if I appear rude," replied Atelie, "but I do not like slander

and I do love the truth, and I think, in fact I know, these stories about the Mormons are mere fabrications."

"How do you know that?"

"From various sources, among them common sense. Did you, pastor, ever look at the map of the United States and see where Utah is located—surrounded on every side by other Christian states? Utah is a part of the United States government, and being yet a territory, is under its direct control. Do you think for a moment that the government would allow the mails to be interfered with, and murders to be committed as an every day occurrence?"

Seemingly, the pastor had not expected such a vigorous opponent. He could not readily answer the girl, so he changed the course of the talk.

"As I have said, Froken Heldman," he continued, "I was acquainted with your father; also your old pastor up in the Heimstad district. You remember him I dare say?"

"O, yes. He was a good old man in his way, and I have the greatest respect for him, even if his teachings were not always so clear as might be."

"He taught you the catechism, and confirmed you, did he not?"

"Yes."

"Well, the recollections of those days and the influence of those teachings ought to be with you yet."

"They are."

"Still you would forget it all, turn from your childhood's teachings to something false and low."

"The good that I learned in my childhood I hope will stay with me always. The false teachings I received I wish to forget as soon as I can."

"And so you think you were not taught the truth?"

"Not in all things. Because a thing

is old is no reason that it is true. Because our fathers believed a thing is not a reason that it is true. You know the first Christianity in this land was Catholic. If age makes truth, then we should all be Catholics."

"Have another cup of coffee, pastor," said Fru Steen.

"And one of these Mormon tracts to read," continued Atelie. She was determined to keep at least her own good humor as long as possible.

"No; I do not care to change my Bible for the Mormon's. I understand that the Mormons have a number of Bibles. You seem so well versed in Mormonism, perhaps you can tell us how that is."

"With pleasure. Here is the good old Luther's catechism which we learned at school," and she picked the little brown book from the table and opened it. "On the very first page I read this: 'The Bible was written by prophets, apostles and other holy men whom God inspired.' That's true and you believe it. The Bible further says that they wrote as they were moved upon by the Spirit of God. Now, do we have in our day any good men who are inspired of God by the Holy Spirit?" She paused for a reply, but neither said anything.

"If we have and they write under that influence, why is not that as much the word of God as if it were written a thousand years ago?"

She looked at the pastor for a reply.

"I am not bound to respond to your foolish catechisms, I hope," said he, in no pleased tone.

"I beg your pardon, pastor. Here I am doing all the preaching."

He arose to go, and Fru Steen went to the hall for his coat and hat. Atelie saw that both were angry. Had she

not been wise in her talk? The pastor took a cold farewell of Atelie, but he talked for a few moments with Fru Steen outside. When the latter came in she was pale with emotion.

"I am surprised," she exclaimed, "surprised and shocked. Broken Heldman, you have insulted the pastor, you have insulted me. What possesses you to defend the Mormons?"

She stood opposite Atelie, who seated herself on the sofa. "I am sorry that speaking the truth so offends you. I can not help it."

"It is not the truth. It is lies. I loathe your Mormon doctrine. Girl, are you one of them? Are you a Mormon? Have you let yourself be ensnared by Mormon preachers? If so, you disgrace my house."

The woman could not control herself. The evil power seemed to have taken possession of her and she raved for some time at the girl.

Atelie arose. "I will leave it instantly," she said.

"Then you are a Mormon?"

"I am a Mormon."

Fru Steen sank into a chair. Atelie quietly gathered her few things, and went out of the house. The train for Skien left in an hour and, during the interval she walked the streets. Halvor was not at home.

It was dark when the train pulled out of Strand station, with Atelie on board.

Nephi Anderson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE test of every religious, political or educational system is the man that it forms.

SOME temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

HE HAD A FATHER IN HEAVEN.

JAMIE was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His father and mother died when he was a mere child. When he became an orphan he went to live with his uncle, for whom he was a message boy.

His relative did not treat him well; his clothing was ragged and torn. The tattered condition of his trousers caused the boys on the streets to poke fun at him. They called out to him:

"Gang hame and get yer mither tae mend yer breeks (pants)."

"Ye had better sell yer claes (clothes) or ye'll lose by them."

They made many other cutting remarks.

Jamie felt badly about it. He was brave and resolute and he gave some of his tormentors a sound thrashing, but this was wrong on his part and did not cure the matter.

One day the boys on the streets had been more insulting toward him than usual, and Jamie was nearly broken hearted. In this state of feeling he went to his sister, who was hired out in service. She was a good, kind, religious girl.

Jamie told her his troubles.

"Nobody cares for me. I feel alone in the world. I'm of no use to myself or anybody else. I have no decent clothing. The boys on the street insult and torment me, and I don't know what to do."

Then the tears flowed down his face like rain. This outburst was followed by sighs and sobs, showing the depth of his distress.

Of course what he said was in the Scottish dialect, but if I were to tell it that way, my young readers would not understand it.

His sister soothed and encouraged him.

"Jamie," she said, "you have a Father. You have a Father in heaven. Go and pray to Him. Ask Him for what you want, and He will give it to you."

"If I've got a Father in heaven does He not know all about me, and if He does, why does He not give me what I want?"

"Well, if a thing is worth having it is worth asking for. Tell Him what you need."

Jamie went home and before he lay down to sleep he knelt down and prayed. He was not used to praying, so he did it in a plain way. This is almost exactly what he said:

"Faither in heaven, if ye are my Faither in heaven I want ye tae show that ye are. I want ye tae get me a pair of breeks, (pants) an a waistcoat, (vest) and a jacket."

He tumbled into bed and the next day attended to his duties as usual. For several days he did not think much about praying, until he was sent with a package of shoes to a house at which two boys from the East Indies were boarding. They had been sent from India by their father, to be educated in Edinburgh.

The lady who came to the door when he rang the bell took the package and looked at Jamie with her kind, motherly eyes. He glanced up at her face, and his heart went out to her.

"Will you come in and have some oat cake?"

"Thank you, I believe I will."

Jamie was tendered a seat and given a piece of cake, and the good lady went about hunting around for articles of clothing. She gathered together two full suits that were quite good and which the rich man's boys had cast aside. She made a parcel of them, held

it out to Jamie and said, "I would like you to take that."

It was received with thankfulness by him and he started for home. On the way a voice seemed to say to him, "Now, haven't you a Father in heaven?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said Jamie, to whom it was clear that he had got even more than he asked for in his prayer—two suits in place of one, from his heavenly Father.

Afterwards he prayed: "Faither in heaven, I'll dae what ye want me tae, if ye'll show me how to serve ye."

For some time after this Jamie lost sight of his religious impressions. But a circumstance occurred which revived them. He had made an appointment with some boys to go to the Queen's Park in the suburbs of the city, on some kind of a frolic. On the way they had to pass Shakespeare Square, where the theatre Royal at that time stood. The general postoffice now occupies the same site.

On the front steps of the theatre two men stood. They were bare-headed and were confronted by a large crowd of people. These men were Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One of them—Robert Hogg—was preaching the Gospel. Jamie paused. He was riveted to the spot. Every word uttered by the preacher sank deep into his soul. It was the truth and he knew it. He was so much interested that he forgot about his intended visit to the park, till one of his companions took him by arm and said,

"Come on, what's the use of standing here."

"I'm not going. You can go if you want to, I shall stop and listen to these men."

They left him and he remained. John Anderson, the other Elder, spoke

also, and made the same impression on Jamie as did the other speaker.

Jamie learned that the Latter-day Saints held meetings in Clyde street Hall, and attended some of them. But his ardor cooled off after a while.

He had left his uncle and had got work where he did fairly well. One Saturday night he was tempted to enter a beer-shop with some of his fellow workmen. He did not drink himself, but some of his companions indulged until the effects of the stuff were plainly visible.

He looked at them. He was taken with a sudden impulse of disgust. He arose. It seemed as if some one spoke to him and said:

"What are you doing here? This is no place for you. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is true, and you know it."

He started for the door. His companions called to him to come back, but he went direct to his lodgings.

Jamie lost no time in hunting up Elder Anderson. When he called at his house he was not at home. He waited several hours, as he was determined that there should be no delay in his obeying the Gospel so far as he was concerned.

Finally the Elder arrived. After the usual greeting Jamie said:

"I want to be baptized for the remission of my sins and become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ."

The Elder began to explain the doctrines to him, but he said:

"I don't think there is any need of an explanation, because I know that the Gospel is true. Will you baptize me?"

"I have the rheumatism and I hardly think it would be well for me to go into the water."

"Well, if you cannot baptize me, I wish you would direct me to some Elder who can."

However, an appointment was made for Elder Anderson to officiate in the holy ordinance, near Leith harbor. The writer of this was present on the occasion and witnessed the ceremony, through obedience to which Jamie became a member of the Church.

A few years afterwards Jamie was called into the ministry and performed a mission in one of the midland districts of England, and accomplished a good work. He then came to Utah and is now a Bishop's Counselor in one of the towns of this State and likewise holds an office under the general government.

Since the time when he first learned that he had a Father in heaven he has had numerous evidences of the fact which was so clearly manifested by the rather remarkable answer to his first prayer.

John Nicholson.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

Pioneer Descendants.

At the recent Pioneer Jubilee celebration held in Salt Lake City, much interest was manifested in the competition prize to the Sunday School having the largest number of descendants of those who settled in Utah in the year 1847, and who were enrolled members of their school. The award was made to the Eighteenth Ward school which had eighty-five of such descendants. Feeling the ascertainment of the foregoing fact in other schools would be gratifying and instructive for local and general use, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board invite all Sunday School superintendents who have as members of their school either a '47 pioneer, a child or grandchild or great grandchild of a

pioneer, to prepare a list of such pioneers or descendants for their permanent use and forward to our office 334 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, a report containing name of school and total number of pioneers or descendants they have enrolled.

Such reports will be tabulated and in due time published for the benefit of all interested.

It is natural that, in mourning the great and the good who have passed from our sight, an overwhelming sense of loss should have full sway within us. The loved and honored presence is withdrawn, the well-known voice is hushed, the life so full of generous thoughts and noble deeds is closed, and it seems to us that all that was so precious and so valuable is gone. Yet it is a truth, however hard to realize at such a time, that nothing which is good or true or noble in human life ever perishes. Pain and sorrow are transient; evil in all its forms bears within it the elements of decay, and tends to disappear; but whatever is essentially good takes root, lives for ever, and multiplies a thousand-fold.

TIME cannot be held, or hidden for safe keeping, or put out at interest, or bestowed upon friends or posterity. We can spend it, waste it, use it as we will, but never keep it for ourselves or for others. The moment slips away, the hour has sped, the day is over, the year is closed, life itself is gone, and, though results are left for good or for evil, the time has passed away for ever. It has been spent, and its only value lies in the way in which we have spent it from moment to moment.

EVEN the best things, ill used, become evils.

IN NORTHERN NEWFOUNDLAND.

JUST after dawn the watcher for seals had returned from his lonely watch-tower on the headland with the announcement that seals were on the ice in the offing. It was early in the month of March, when every Newfoundland is on the alert for the first sound or sight of the young seals which are born on the ice about that time in each year. A "white-coat," as the infant seal is called, is worth from one to two dollars to the fisherman; and as gaunt poverty makes a permanent abode along the bleak and barren coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, no risk is too great to run to catch it.

On this particular day of which we write, a large number of "white-coats" were on the "drift-ice," and every man and boy of the little settlement set out for the hunt. Now a seal hunt, is always very exciting and dangerous; in the early days much more so than at the present.

To get to the "drift-ice" on which the seals are found, it is necessary to cross the "board-ice," (that is, the ice which forms along the coast, inside of the tidal current, and is permanent) which is sometimes a mile or more wide. To do this rarely involves any risk; but on this particular occasion it did, as we shall see. What is most to be feared by those sealers who pursue their prey from the land is the dreadful "off-shore breeze." The "board-ice" is generally firm, and without a break; but after a gale it often becomes unsafe, not by reason of its thinness, but because of the fissures that the dashing of the waves against it produces. But even with the fissures and all, if the wind be "in-shore" there can be little or no danger in crossing it, because the wind

keeps it together and prevents it from spreading.

On this March day the "board-ice" was very much cracked, and fissures were numerous. As the hunting party with their ropes, knives, snow-shoes and gaffs, trudged away, they one and all congratulated themselves on their wisdom in having taken two boats with them over the ice in case the wind should veer and become "off-shore."

Among the party were two young men, fine fellows, who, more eager and perhaps reckless than the rest, hotly pursued the young seals until they had secured a large number of pelts or hides. They went far away from their fellows, even a mile or more beyond them on the "drift-ice." With the wind as it had been in the early morning, there was no danger in this. But who could tell how soon it would change and blow from another quarter? Though every man was intent in pursuing, killing and skinning seals, yet every one noticed towards noon that the "in-shore" breeze had fallen and that it had grown calm. It would seem that this change in the weather had not been noticed by the two young men who had separated from the party.

In a short time the dreaded "off-shore" breeze came, and with it terror to the sealers. The breeze soon increased to a gale. All the hunters save the two young men, of whom we have spoken, came together, and as delay would involve them all in ruin, there was nothing to do but to hurry to the land. Even this would have been impossible had they been without their boats. The fissures in the "board ice" had grown to gulfs, and lakelets stood amid the ice where not a sign of water appeared but a short time before.

Many anxious, backward looks were

taken by the retreating sealers for their companions as they made for the shore; and ere they began to return they shouted with the hope of saving them. But all hope seemed now to have flown, and there was nothing to be done but to leave the two brave fellows to a death the most awful to be imagined.

The gale increased in intensity, and the "board ice," which had 'withstood the storms of the previous winter, was rapidly breaking up. Word was sent along the coast by runners that two of the young sealers had been left on the "drift ice;" but as there was nothing at hand but a small boat which could not live in the gale, every avenue of safety was shut against the unfortunate castaways.

A night and a day passed. The gale had spent itself, and on the morrow there was a calm. Towards the afternoon, however, a gentle "in-shore" breeze sprang up, and a large party was organized to seek for the lost sealers. This was done, however, more to satisfy the demands of mere humanity than with the faintest hope of rescuing the young men. It was thought that the heavy gale had, without doubt, driven far out to ocean the ice upon which the two were, and they must by this time be hopelessly lost. But still all through the day boats were out in every direction. At nightfall no sign had been seen of the lost fishermen.

Meanwhile, let us see what our youthful sealers had been doing.

They "struck"—as they afterwards told us—a good "pan" of seals tolerably early on the first day, and by the time they had killed and pelted them, they had drifted away from the other members of the hunt. Nor did they realize their position until the storm fell upon them. They skipped from floe to floe,

shouted, looked, but saw no one, heard no one. They traveled over the "drift-ice," but made not a step's progress in the teeth of the wind, persevered until night, and then lay down. With numerous seal pelts on the "pan" on which they stood they had sufficient resources to keep themselves tolerably warm; and they also had several hearts of seals for food. Water they extracted from the ice. All through the long and terrible night, though they lay among the seal pelts, they trembled with fear and horror at their situation; fearing most, however, the breaking up of the "pan," which hitherto formed their only safety. So long as they could live, and their "pan" remained intact, they thought themselves within reach of possible salvation. Time and again they called upon God, there with death menacing them on every hand. "I could but feel," said one of them, relating the scene to me afterward, "that in some way our prayers would be answered, and yet I knew that the passing of a ship was an impossibility, and our distance from land made it also impossible for a small boat to reach us. The only source of safety lay in the 'in-shore' breeze, and for this we constantly prayed, and that by it we might be blown back to land."

Their day on the ice, following an awful night, was quite pleasant; and with the calm, and the return of sunlight, came strength and new hope to their hearts. Who can imagine their joy when the wind veered, first to the east, which drove them west, and then, later in the day, when they had returned to the narrow part of the Strait of Belle Isle, becoming "in-shore." "When we saw this we leaped on our 'pan,' clapped our hands, and returned thanks to God. Our joy became unbounded as

we found ourselves returning to the place whence we had been driven, but yet many miles from shore."

All this time, disappointed and heart-broken, the search party kept on their way, but at last returned to their huts long after dark, and drawing themselves together around the fire, sorrowfully recalled the numerous similar events which had deprived some home of a child or a parent, and they prayed that the lost boys would be restored to them. Two mothers wept and sobbed for two sons, and a pall of grief seemed to have fallen on every home in the fishing settlement. As the night wore on, the talking, never loud, became more and more subdued, until at length everyone seemed to speak in a whisper. Nobody appeared to desire to retire to rest.

Early evening found the castaways rapidly approaching shore before the saving "in-shore" breeze, and at about the hour of ten, they had actually reached land, six miles east of their homes. Leaving their "pan" bumping against the "board-ice" which the storm had spared, caring nothing for their pelts, they sped to the west as fast as they could, and, supposing everybody to be asleep, they came to their homes. Seeing a light, they decided to go to the hut in which it burned. They tapped gently. The inmates started with terror. Who could it be? The door was opened by a mother. A moment later, everybody was praising God for the "inshore" breeze.

If we would only try to be pleased with our present circumstances, how much more true happiness would flow from such an effort than from constantly striving after changing conditions, with problematical results!

WISE THOUGHTS.

LOVE your enemy to death and he will make a good friend.

A TRUE hero is more often he who endures than he who does.

IT is not what people gain, but what they save, that makes them rich.

THE wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

HE who has but little wealth, and at the same time would be satisfied with less, is rich enough to be happy.

WHAT a young man earns in the day time goes into his pocket; what he spends at night goes into his character.

THE electric telegraph will never be a substitute for the face of a man, with his soul in it, encouraging another man to be brave and true.

THE most positive men are the most credulous, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self-love.

No man can for any considerable period appear one thing to himself and another to the multitude without becoming bewildered as to which may be his true self.

SYMPATHY, love and unselfishness give happiness. It matters not what our physical condition, what our material surroundings. With these as our ingredients we shall extract the glorious elixir of life.

EVERY heart knows its own bitterness. Our real troubles are often a secret; our deepest afflictions cannot be told. Perhaps it is a feeling of this kind that makes deep grief seek solitude. Osten-tatious grief is never deep, seldom sincere.

Our Little Folks.

A SUMMER INCIDENT.

WE are apt to associate the word victory with battles and deeds of heroism that stir the imagination, but if we look deeply enough, we shall find some of the sublimest instances of victory in generous deeds and personal sacrifices in the quiet walks of life. We have been told by the Great Teacher that the highest type of character is found in self-sacrifice rather than in self-assertion.

This is often illustrated in the conduct of the poorer members of the laboring classes.

One of the most beneficent charities in our great cities was started in New York—the ice charity. In the street where the ice was given stood one morning in the burning sun and suffocating heat a long line of haggard men and women waiting for their portion of the desired gift. Every one in the line, and they were mostly tattered women and freckled children, had her own story of want and privation written upon her face. Not one but had passed through the college of suffering and won her tear-stained diploma of pain.

But there was one woman at the end of the line who stood eagerly and silently watching the gradual shortening of the line. Her face and her garments told a story of poverty and suffering. She had arrived on a run, late, and now, panting with her exertion, she calculated the length of the line and her chances of securing what she sought. At last, as she had feared, the supply of ice gave out, and two or three women ahead of her seemed to be as badly disappointed as herself. Silently she began to sob.

"Are you sure it's all gone?" she

asked pitifully of the agent.

"I am sorry, but I have no more to give."

"What are you crying for?" asked a harsh-voiced woman beside her, a great, burly creature, who was just trudging off with her cake of ice carefully wrapped up in a basket. She had taken the last piece, and her face was radiant.

"Because I haven't any ice," came the pathetic reply.

The big woman looked down upon the little woman and said, coldly: "Why didn't you come sooner, the way I did?"

"I couldn't leave my husband."

"Yer ought to. It's yer own fault."

Then she began to walk away, while the little woman turned to go in the opposite direction.

In a moment the burly woman turned around. Her voice and words were harsh, but her heart was right. She had two babies at home suffering from the heat, and ice was everything to her. She hesitated, and then called out:

"Is he very sick?"

Then came the story. Yes. The husband had met with a bad accident. He was in a high fever, and called for ice, and craved it above all things. His wife had saved a few pennies and spent them on peaches for him, expecting to have ice given to her. "I thought they'd do him good," she continued, "but its ice he needs, and I wish I could trade 'em back again for the money or a piece of ice."

"Come with me," said the big woman, slowly, "and I'll give you mine. We are poor enough, heaven knows, but thank God, I can help the sick." She did not know it, perhaps, but she had fulfilled the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—*Youths Companion.*

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

July, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—My brother is four years old. The baby is two. I am seven. I have seen President Woodruff and shaken hands with him. He is a good man and a kind one. I know Aunt Zion too, for she blest my ma, and she blest me, and I like her.

I read the little letters and think the boys and girls do real well.

Phillip Jones.

The one mistake in Phillip's letter is so interesting, I hope to be excused for passing it over, and letting it appear in print as he has written it. Phillip's ma will kindly correct it for him; and others can learn from it to remember and always be very careful in writing names; something they have been warned of before in the Letter-Box.

L. L. G. R.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

August 13th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Sister Richards asked me to write of some other things that I can do besides what I told of in my first letter. I can dust the furniture and sweep the kitchen floor, and the porch. And I can peel potatoes and apples, but I don't do them very well yet, I peel them too thick. But mother is teaching me, and after a while I hope to know how to do all kinds of work. I can make most of my doll's clothes, and when I help mother, I play that my dolls are my children, and I get them to sleep or send them to play while I do my work.

I give my love to all the children.

Little Maud.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—This is part of a letter from a missionary in the Eastern States.

MY DEAR LITTLE NEPHEW HEBER.—If you were here you would find no lack of timber to build your boats of. From where I am sitting, I can see an apple tree that measures ten feet around. There are people here who have been farmers for forty years, and have never seen a wagon. They haul their hay and grain on a couple of poles fastened together. And they take their corn to mill on horse-back. A good many people here can neither read nor write, but they can tell big stories about the war, as most of the older ones took part in it.

Think of all the blessings the Saints are in possession of now, and how poor off many of them might still have been, but for the light of the Gospel.

Write soon to your uncle.

E. M. G.

PANGUITCH LAKE, UTAH.

July 9th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will tell the little readers of the JUVENILE about the place where I live.

The Panguitch Lake is a large body of fresh water, situated twenty miles southwest of Panguitch. It is full of nice trout. The lake is one mile wide, and when it is up to high water, it is two miles long. It is surrounded on all sides, east, south, west and north by mountains.

There are many beautiful mountains around here, besides those surrounding the lake. In them many deer, and other species of game abound.

I read all the little letters, and think them very nice.

I will now close, as Sister Richards said not to have our letters too long.

With love for all who write for the Letter-Box,

I remain your friend,

Clara Gould. Age, 14 years.

PROVO, August 4th, 1897.

DEAR READERS OF THE LETTER-BOX.—The summer I was eight years old, my dear mamma, sister and I went with my grandparents and uncle Simon to the Manti Temple. While there I was baptized and blest by my grandfather Eggertsen, forty-one years from the day on which he was baptized into the Church; so it was a great day for him. I fasted that morning and felt very happy.

I had the chance of going all through the Temple, and mamma took me in one of the small rooms and prayed with me. And that night when I prayed, I felt as though I were talking to God and He was pleased with me. My big brother had gone to heaven, and he was such a good boy. We miss him very much. I want to be like him and help to make mamma happy.

Once President Woodruff took me on his knee, and blest me, and told me to grow up and be a comfort to my mother. And he told me about his dear mother when he was a little boy.

I have had my Patriarchal blessing, and read it sometimes. Then I know that I must keep all the commandments of God to be able to do all the work that I am sent on this earth to do.

I had the honor of marching with the Sunday Schools in the Jubilee march, and of seeing President Woodruff crowned. I attend Deacon's meeting so as to learn what I shall have to do when

I am a deacon, which I hope to become when I am twelve years old.

Lehi Eggertsen Cluff. Age 11 years.

"THE RANCH," IDAHO.

July 30th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Having a little spare time I will spend it in writing to you, hoping thus to pay a debt of gratitude I owe for the comfort I take in reading the little letters.

My two sisters have been up the creek with a crowd, fishing and berrying; and have come home tired and warm, with plenty of fish and some fruit.

We have any amount of flies here, and they are making quite a meal off me while I write. It keeps me sweating to do two such tiresome things at once, as writing and shewing flies. I think my task is easier than my sisters' though, for they are trying to sleep; and I have an idea the beds will be pretty hard by the time they get up; for they keep pounding them desperately, in their vain efforts to drive off the flies.

I must quit now, though I don't want to. There is a harder task before me than the one I am trying to finish off, I have to write "a piece" for our Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. paper. Pity it hasn't a little more to its name, then we should not have to add much to it in writing an article for it.

Well, I hope to write to you again sometime, and don't want to make you think I am too naughty to learn to be good, if I keep on trying. So good-bye.

Mignonette. Age 15 years.

LEWISTON, UTAH.

July 3rd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX—I always read all the little letters in the JUVENILE, and sometimes wish it was full of them.

Well, I guess I will tell the story I

started to write. We have a dog named Mage. He is fourteen years old, but is so good natured, although he is so old, that he would not bite you.

Pa went to Arizona and took Mage with him. Mage swam the Colorado river. He ran after rabbits when ever he saw them, until his feet got so tender pa had to put moccasins on them.

Whenever it thunders Mage tries to come in the house. He is afraid of the thunder, but seems to think we will keep it off if he is in the house. One day when it stormed, he opened the door with his teeth.

I am in the third reader, but our school has closed now.

I wish all the little folks who are able to write, would write to our letter-box.

Your new friend,

Inez Jackson. Age 10 years.

Sketch of my Grandfather's Travels.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 520.)

It was in the month of June, very hot weather. Grandfather laid on the bank of the river, the night after the accident. His reflections could not be written; his deliverance had been wonderful; Captain Roundy, who had been his bed-fellow was no more; he did not sleep.

After that most of the company returned home, but grandfather and a few others accompanied President Wells, with the scanty supplies they could get at the Big Colorado, on to the camps of the Saints, located on the Little Colorado River. Grandfather was appointed cook, but their fare was poor, having lost their supplies at the time Brother Ronndy was drowned.

After a long and weary journey, they reached Captain Balanger's camp, where they were received with great kindness.

They also visited Sunset, where Brother Lot Smith had charge; Obed, in charge of Brother George Lake; and Captain Allen's camp, on the opposite side of the river.

Grandfather, being a Patriarch, gave blessings to many of the Saints. A great number of the people in those camps, soon returned to Utah, being discouraged with the difficulties they had to meet.

President Wells and the Apostles who were with him gave such counsel as they thought proper for the welfare of the Saints there, and then started on their tedious journey back home. They rested at Kanab. Grandfather went to St. George.

On the 25th of July he left St. George, with dear Grandmother and six of her children; also Brother Wm. McAllister, en route for New Mexico, by way of Kanab, at which place they were joined by Elders A. M. Tenney and Thomas Stewart. When they reached Johnson, they were joined by Elder John Maughn, with his wife and daughter Jane. When the toilsome journey to the Big Colorado was finished, they crossed the river in the same little boat which had rescued my grandfather and others a short time before; and they named the boat the "Rescuer." Their horses swam over, their wagons had to be taken to pieces and ferried across in the little "Rescuer."

Alvenia Savage. Aged 11 years.

WOODRUFF, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

A LIBRARY is a sort of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

IN OUR LOVELY DESERET.

Words by ELIZA R. SNOW.

Melody by G. F. ROOT.



1. In our love - ly Des - er - et, Where the Saints of God have met, There's a
 2. That the chil - dren may live long, And be beau - ti - ful and strong, Tea and
 3. They should be in - struct-ed young, How to watch and guard the tougue; And their
 4. They must not for - get to pray, Night and morn - ing ev - 'ry day, For the



mul - ti - tude of chil - dren all a - round, They are gen - er - ous and brave, They have
 cof - fee and to - bac - eo they de - spise, Drink no li - quor, and they eat But a
 temp - ers train, and e - vil pas - sions bind, They should al - ways be po - lite And treat
 Lord to keep them safe from ev - 'ry ill, And as - sist them to do right. That with



pre - cious souls to save, They must lis - ten and o - bey the Gos - pel's sound.
 ver - y lit - tle meat; They are seek - ing to be good and great and wise.
 ev - 'ry - bod - y right, And in ev - 'ry place be af - fa - ble and kind.
 all their mind and might, They may love him and may learn to do His will.



Hark,hark,hark,'tis children's music, Children's voices,O,how,sweet,When in in - nocence and love,



Like the an - gels up a - bove, They with hap - py hearts and cheer - ful fa - ces meet.



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•DR•

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TELEPHONE 224.

PROPRIETORS



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 26, 1897.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 12—For Bingham	7:50 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Mantl, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	1:35 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points	5:30 p. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Mantl and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points	1:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Enreka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.

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EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 25, 1894.

Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a. m., Salt Lake 8:06 a. m.; arrives at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 7:51 a. m., Denver 10:30 a. m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 6:35 p. m., Salt Lake 7:40 p. m., arrives at Pueblo 5:27 p. m., Colorado Springs 6:58 p. m., Denver 9:25 p. m.

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THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

Trains Leave and arrive Salt Lake City as follows:
(In effect March 18, 1897.)

LEAVE:

"The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St.
Paul, St Louis, Omaha, Kansas City,
Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a.m
"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis,
Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p.m

ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St.
Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver
and Park City..... 3 10 p.m
"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul,
St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and
Denver..... 3 30 a.m

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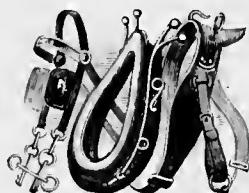
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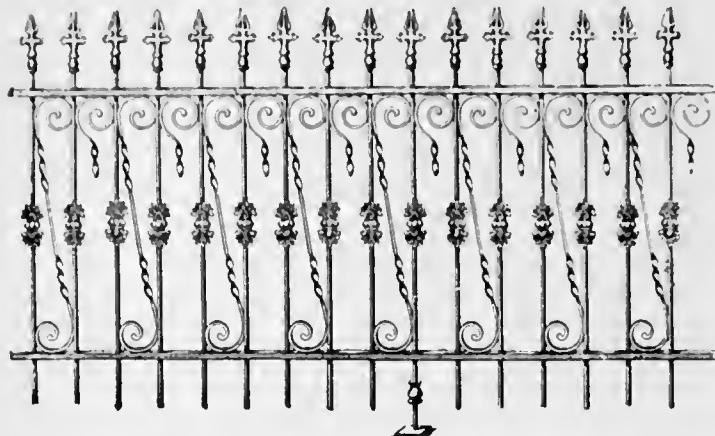
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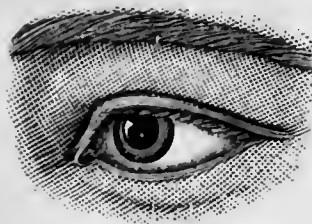
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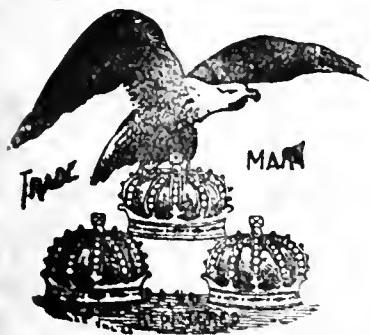
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